



THE OMEN

Amherst, Massachusetts

Welcome

Admissions

Alumni

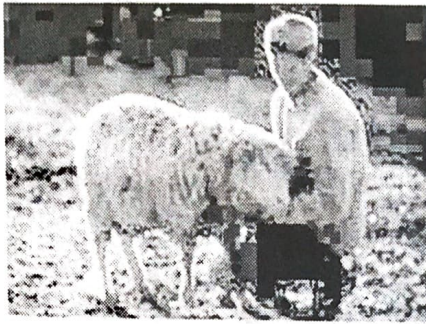
Academics

Campus Life

Offices and Services

News and Events

The Five Colleges



Welcome to The Omen

The Omen is a student-run publication of Hampshire College. The Omen offers talented students the ability to publish their asinine observations, masturbatory fiction, and senseless rants in a forum where someone might actually pay attention.

Welcome:

The Omen cordially invites you, our reading public, to go fuck yourselves. You know you like it, bitch.

Admissions:

The Omen accepts submissions from any member of the Hampshire Community, no matter how much of a talentless, hackneyed schmuck they are.

Alumni:

Do you want fries with that?
Thank you, drive through...

Academics:

Okay, seriously, did you really come to a school with no grades so you could learn, or did you come to spend Mom and Dad's cash on booze and weed and not have to worry about flunking out for a solid two years?

Campus Life:

Campus life at Hampshire consists of watching a lot of TV while high and drinking alone in your room while contemplating The Void. That, and signing a few petitions now and then.

Offices and Services:

As of right now, The Omen has no office, although we are arguably the most read publication on campus (ahem, ahem). As for services—well, only if the money is good (wink, wink).

News and Events:

What does this look like, the friggin' Forward?

The Five Colleges:

UMass is a glorified high school. Amherst will be destroyed by our mighty armies. Mount Holyoke is a joke. Smith sucks dick. You know about Hampshire.



EMAIL US



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old shit

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The Omen

Volume 13, Number 5
November 12, 1999

hamp.hampshire.edu/~omen/old_archive

Editors and Staff

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Wade Stuckwisch.....No Match for Wilt "the Stilit"
Michael Pierce.....Darwin's Penis of Anger
Michelle Beach.....Won't Give it Up
Jess VanScoy.....Cause Nobody Loves Her
Jason Wilder Konschak.....Too Much Too Young
Michael Zole.....No Longer the New Guy
Jennifer Gifford.....The New Guy

Contributors

Brady Burroughs
Keely Flynn
Aaron Shattuck

Cover By

Wade Stuckwisch

Masturbation is free,
and you can do your
schoolwork afterwards.



Submit to us ...

The Omen accepts submissions from any member of the Hampshire community.

We won't edit anything you write

(unless it's for spelling or grammar), as long as you're willing to **be responsible for what you say** (sign your real NAME). Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours, is just not an option in this forum.

Submissions can include anything involving the Hampshire community and are due on Wednesday nights at 8 PM. **Submit to Michael Pierce** (C-411, box 916). If you're interested in writing regularly, talk to Jacob Chabot (B-308, x4445).

We prefer submissions on disk—IBM or high density Mac—but hard copy is okay. **Label** your stuff well and it will get back to you.

Also, every Tuesday following the release of an issue is the official *Omen* meeting in the Airport Lounge at 9:30 PM. We will discuss important topics like the upcoming issue and the ever-prevalent dawn of the Planet of the Apes.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, first born, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and **your beloved community rag will dish it back 700 times.** What better way to be heard?

The Omen is a completely **nonpartisan** forum for expression. The views and opinions expressed in this publication are those of the authors' alone.



The Human Speaks!

An Editorial

by Jacob Chabot

In the first issue of *The Omen* this semester, I wrote a review of all the new cartoons this season. You may remember that I gave a good review to *The Big Guy* and *Rusty the Boy Robot*, a fine cartoon based on the comic book of the same name by Frank Miller and Geof Darrow. You may also remember that I said that it would probably be cancelled. Well, as of last week, *The Big Guy* and *Rusty the Boy Robot* has been shelved "for the time being." In other words, *Rusty* and the *Big Guy* are dead.

Fox Kids paid for thirteen episodes of the show. Only five or so were broadcast before the whole shelving thing. This leaves eight episodes left that haven't earned their keep, so to speak. Fox can't cancel the show because that would be a waste of money. Instead, they "shelve" it, meaning that the show will supposedly return at a later date. Of course it will! Fox still has to broadcast those last eight shows in order to get their money's worth! This is what will most likely happen. Fox Kids will put another show in place of *The Big Guy*; one that they probably think will be more popular and therefore deserves the push (Well, they obviously aren't going to replace it with

a show that they think isn't as good. That's just stupid! They wouldn't take a show that they thought was a hit off the air, not even temporarily!). When *The Big Guy* returns, it will be sporadic, as they try to fill in empty time slots. It won't stay in the same time slot for very long. This will kill the show. A show that takes effort to find out when it's on all of the time isn't going to get a lot of viewers. The same thing happened a few years ago to *Sam and Max: Freelance Police*, another fine Fox Kids program. *Sam and Max* was damn funny. Fuck *Animaniacs* or any of that crap, *Sam and Max* had jokes about crushing things in your dad's vice, references to *Apocalypse Now*, and a Christmas special set in a prison.

"So," you probably aren't asking, "What delightful programme are they putting in its place?" Here is the thing that pisses me off the most. Fox Kids has decided that they'd rather show double episodes of the *Pokemon* ripoff, *Digimon*. They're not even replacing it with a new show! They want to show more episodes of a show that's already on, a show that's basically a copy of another show! A show that Fox Kids thinks will probably sell more merchandise. Hey, the kids love *Pokemon*, right? Then, surely they'll love this other show

The Big Guy Takes the Plunge

that's exactly the same. Let's show it twice as much and get rid of all the shows that are different. This really doesn't give kids a diverse selection to choose from. **This practice of homogenizing the lineup will only cause it to stagnate.** There's no growth if everything that's different isn't given a chance. It...oh, I'm sorry. This is only a cartoon we're talking about here.

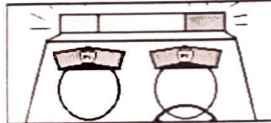
In more pertinent news, COCD is looking for suggestions on what to do with the Airport Lounge. So far, most of the suggestions involve making it a place for sex, smoking up, or drinking. Aaah, what a community. No wonder nothing ever gets done around here. Anyone with a **SERIOUS** suggestion should bring it to Community Council. Otherwise, the activists will probably take it and turn it into an activist lounge or something.

Lastly, after having my gas siphoned at least **THREE TIMES** (How'd you like that last one, fuckers? Was the gas in your mouth worth less than a quarter of a tank?) I've had to invest in a little gadget known as a locking gas cap. HA HA! FUCKERS! NO MORE FREE GAS FOR YOU!

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY AND McCOY THE DUCK?



by Jacob Chabot



POLICE LOG!

October 19 - October 25

Vandalism

Oct. 19, 6:32 p.m.: Prescott Gate; chain snapped—needs replacement

Oct. 23, 3:56 p.m.: Tennis Courts; tennis court scuffed up from skateboards

Oct. 24, 8:17 a.m.: Enfield; entrance sign in parking lot pushed over/written on

Oct. 25, 8:20 a.m.: Main Entrance painted on front sign

Traffic

Oct. 19, 7:29 p.m.: Suspicious vehicle—Phys Plant, checked OK

Oct. 21, 6:20 p.m.: Speeding

Oct. 24, 2:30 a.m.: Enfield Circle; vehicle towed from Enfield circle

Oct. 24, 2:00 a.m.: Enfield Lot; vehicle towed from Enfield Lot

Animal

Oct. 24, 8:00 p.m.: Enfield; barking dog complaint

Disturbance

Oct. 21, 12:35 a.m.: Enfield; quiet upon arrival

Oct. 21, 11:58 p.m.: FPH; noise complaint

Oct. 22, 1:44 a.m.: Dakin; noise complaint

Oct. 24, 2:22 a.m.: Merrill; noise complaint

Oct. 24, 5:05 a.m.: Dakin; alarm clock going off—person gone

Suspicious Person

Oct. 19, 7:40 a.m.: Dakin; checked OK

Oct. 21, 1:59 a.m.: Person sleeping in the Yurt—moved along

Oct. 24, 4:13 a.m.: Prescott; male not seen on campus before

Fire Hazard

Oct. 23, 11:21 a.m.: Enfield; faulty smoke detector

Oct. 25, 10:30 p.m.: Day Care Center; oven left on

Fire Alarm

Oct. 21, 1:20 a.m.: Dakin; cigarette/marijuana smoke

Oct. 21, 10:56 p.m.: Prescott; burnt popcorn

Oct. 22, 12:50 a.m.: Dakin; cooking smoke

Oct. 22, 2:44 a.m.: Dakin; accidental

Oct. 22, 7:01 a.m.: Dakin; accidental

Oct. 23, 6:30 p.m.: Enfield; cooking smoke

Oct. 24, 3:51 p.m.: Prescott; cooking smoke

Intrusion Alarm

Oct. 25, 12:20 p.m.: Robert Crown Center; accidental

Special Service

Oct. 22, 12:15 p.m.: Belchertown, Belchertown PD

Oct. 23, 2:15 a.m.: Greenwich; asked to check on student—concerned about depression



I Hate That SEX
is 67% "EX"

By J. Wilder Konschak

As I write this, I have 359 days left before my disastrous, persistent, and, *enfin*, fatal alcohol addiction commences. In less than 12 months, I will be 21 years old, and the intentional burning of my brains shall begin. I feel that this filthy habit will be a welcomed replacement to mingling with, and thinking about, menacing ex-fiancées. And it has got to be a more enjoyable form of self-destruction.

Just ask the *Omen* staff.

But, until then, I must survive on this motto: doing nothing is better than doing a psychotic ex. Involving myself with this "woman" would be worse than drinking Drano. Yes, I must remember what my mommy always told me: when you drink Drano, it burns your mouth, throat, and stomach, then you pass out, and bleed to death, so don't drink Drano. I must remember that getting back with this girl would be much worse than drinking Drano—even with the blowjobs.

No matter what the *Omen* staff says.

Though, I must admit, I can handle being single until I go to the mall; I'm perfectly well equipped to resist her, until I walk through a K-Mart. This is because, for me, the hardest part of being single is that long walk through the lingerie section of the department store. If I want to make it from the parking lot to the food court, I must inevitably pass the taunting bras and mocking panties, and once I'm there, I have no choice but to look at them.

And I then have to think "I *must* buy that for my goddess of a girlfriend." And then, "I don't have a goddess of a girlfriend. I don't even have doggy of a girlfriend." And then, finally, I have to suffer the ultimate, saddest failure, and I have to think, "Wouldn't that look hot on my ex?"

Punch.

I say "punch" because I've been trying to classically condition myself to forget about my ex-fiancée. This is my method: **whenever I think about her, I punch myself in the face. Some people spend their lonesome hours using their hand for other things; I use it to injure myself.**

My lovely — *bam! crunch!* — my attractive — *crack! twack!* — that filthy whore, my ex, was on the Hampshire campus today, searching for me, I presume. I don't think she was here for our Cog Sci Department. I was coming back from the mall, and I saw her across the quad, a blond who would have been salaciously exciting, if she ever stopped wearing that huge, frumpy denim coat.

I saw her, recognized her, and then ran away.

Hiding in Saga, I told a friend what I'd seen. "What're you gonna do if she finds you?" "I don't know," I muttered. "I think I'll kill myself—Actually, I'll probably fuck her." "I thought you'd say that," said he. "Really?" said I. "I

didn't know I was going to say it until it came out of my mouth."

Last time, I didn't know I was going to do it, until I did her.

And yet I still have faith in things working out for the best, if I'm just patient.

So let's talk about Tolstoy.

I was riding home from work the other day, and I had Tolstoy's tale of love and marriage, *Family Happiness*, stowed on the back of my bike. Watching his old, ugly picture bounce on the rack, I wondered what Tolstoy'd think of me reading his book. I wondered if that crab knew that I was riding around with his work on the back of my bike, in the middle of a drugged-out, fucked up, turn-of-the-new-century college. I wondered if he knew that his book sat on my lap while I watched loved ones sleep. I wondered if old stanky pants knew that he didn't do a damn thing to dissolve my vain dreams of happiness.

He was a smart man. If there's an afterlife, I hope that Leo knows that his most despicable deprecations toward hope, love, relationships, and life didn't crack the mind of even an *Omen* author — didn't even touch a lonely, cranky, afraid of lingerie, and planning to drink himself into a stupor, writer. I hope he knows that. Because, if a corpse could figure that out, maybe my stupid ex will get the goddamn hint and stay the hell away! The genius Count Leo Tolstoy can't convince me to give up hope for something better—ou ain't got a chance, chick!

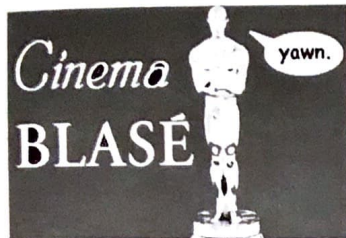
At least for another 359 days.

A Humble Apology

by Aaron Shattuck

Hey, I'm the guy that submitted that tooth fairy comic. You know, the one from the last issue? Well, in case you didn't notice, it looked like crap. My mistake, I'm afraid. See, since the original drawings were on 14 x 17 inch paper, I thought it'd be easiest to just scan them onto the disc and send it *Omen*-ward. Silly me, I discounted the fact that the discrepancy in quality between a scan on-screen and a scan printed out can be quite large, indeed. Anyway, I uploaded the comic to my webpage, so if you're willing to take the time out of your life to check it out at www2.crosswinds.net/~flood/comics/, **I think you'll agree that it looks a hell of a lot better on-screen (which means that it doesn't look like it was drawn with an Etch-A-Sketch.)**

Yeah, so that's it. You can go back to reading pornography review cut-ups (or whatever they're running this time), now.



I am Wade's Drunken Article of Melancholy

by Wade Stuckwisch

“The Future’s Uncertain And The End Is Always Near.”

That may well be my all-time favorite Doors quote. I’m not really much of a Doors fan so there are probably better ones out there that I don’t know about, but oh well, it’s a movie review in the *Omen* for crap’s sake. It’s the line in “Roadhouse” right after “I woke up this morning and I got myself a beer.” People seem to like that quote a lot (the part about morning and beer, not the part about the future and the end). In fact, a lot of people just plain forget the next line. They belt out, “Weelllll, I woke up this mawnin’, an’ I got myself a be-er . . .” with gusto, then go, “Umm . . . fuck, what’s the next part?” Those people suck.

So I saw this movie *Fight Club*. And oh man, was it dense. Not that it was too dense or it wasn’t a fun watch or I don’t recommend it or anything. But you know how us intellectual student types are . . . we see any kind of film or television show with any kind of intellectual content and we automatically pick it apart. Then again, isn’t that exactly the intelligent thing to do when presented with a film text? I need a fucking beer. I will shut up now.

I would like to mention at this juncture that it is 1:45 in the early hours of Sunday the 30th of October (that’s 1:45 pre-time change) and I am alone in my room, stone cold sober, and writing for *The Omen*. Let me tell you about this

wonderful thing called being a college senior at Hampshire College. You’re either holed up in your wondrous Prescott mod, afraid to leave lest anyone would take it away from you, or you’re stuck in a dormitory while all your friends in other parts of the world are actually living independently in off-campus housing. You have friends, but they are always off with their significant other, whether they like it or not. Everyone you know is broken and bitter. Alcohol no longer makes you do stupid things. One of your best friends is getting fucking married while your last decent relationship was in high school. The Future Is Uncertain and The End Is Always Near. Somebody get me a goddam beer.

So back to the movie. My gosh, it’s a nihilistic little gem. Yes, it features Brad Pitt being crazy, which is always fun. Yes, it also features aging operatic rocker Meat Loaf with gigantic breasts. And yes, it features false reel change spots and single frame subliminal images. Where the hell was I going with this sentence? Excuse me for a second . . .

Ahh, alcohol, my best friend. How I’ve missed you. As long as I have a few dollars you will never leave me. Is it a good sign to be drinking alone at 1:57 on a Sunday morning (still haven’t reset the clocks), especially when I have to get up for work at 8:30? No. It is bad. But back to the movie. A lot of people have made a big deal over the “anti-consumer” message of the film. That’s a tough theme to nail

down, especially considering the overall nihilism of the film. Nihilism and progressive politics really don’t mix. And then there’s the fact that it was funded by a major studio. Everything is these days. Indie film is dead once again, folks. If it sells, it will be bought. That’s a basic law of currency and economics, especially in the tricky world of the arts and entertainment. **It’s not really something that can be fought easily with big “ism”s and such.** It’s the power of the consumer over the producer. It’s the reason why Fugazi stops the show if kids start crowd-riding. It’s a tough thing to fight.

So right now it looks like in less than a year either George W. Bush or Al Gore will be our President elect. Does this scare the shit out of anyone else on this campus?

I’ve had a bunch of parts of songs running through my head recently. (This is going back to the song lyrics thing.) Actually, I’ve probably been having entire Jawbreaker albums playing in my skull. There’s some Samiam mixed in, too . . . “Sitting in the corner. Don’t know what to think. I can’t speak. I sink a little deeper with every drink. I try to sleep. I shut my eyes. Like a leaky faucet, fear floods the room . . . I’m aggravated, I’m what you’ve created now. Please don’t break me.”

continued on next page

Self Love

by Tequila “Keely” Flynn

Being a narcissist (yeah, that’s two pictures of my self on my door), I decided that the only *real* topic of interest worth writing about—in terms of what I’d want to read—would be me. I’m that fascinating.

Currently, the quirky Keely-ism that’s rocking C-4...is my new possession. I’ve never really owned one of these before; sure, I’ve imagined such things but never quite gotten up the nerve to go out and purchase one. What would my friends think? Would they scoff? Would they want to join in on the fun? It’s white. It’s shapely. It *vibrates*. Apparently, it’s indicative of my sexual preferences. I can assure you that it is *not*. I’m not really that type of girl. Really.

Sickos. It’s a toothbrush. I plug it into my wall for a brief overnight and get out of it the sheer, unadulterated pleasure of forty-five minutes to do with it as I please. Oh, believe you me, I en-

joy every last second. And the special attachment? Is this truly necessary? **The first seven inches seem a tad excessive on its own...but three and a half more?** Who was

the genius daring people to deep-throat their own oral apparatus? It isn’t possible anyhow. It vacillates too much.

As if that weren’t enough, the addition of toothpaste makes it all the more stimulating. Notice that I didn’t use the word “lubricant.” I could have, but I didn’t. I prefer Sensodyne, but I’m a maverick that way. The slightly numbing, non-petroleum-based, hypoallergenic coolness of it all gets me every time.

The amusement of my hallmates makes it a slightly exhibitionist procedure. Voyeurs. I see the way that they giggle, with their outright gawks, elbows resting on the sinks to steady themselves as they think to themselves “*Good God, woman...again?*” Yeah, well, it’s slightly addictive. My tongue hasn’t tingled this much since fourth grade when I was pinned to the ground by three boys so that Mikey “Fatwhacker” Appleton could kiss me “the real way.” Same unreal rush.

Anyhow, I challenge you to try this *just once* and then go a day without it. Good luck. Not only does it forever shift your reality off-kilter, your gums have that fresh, plaque-free luster that only comes when I do. Eww! That’s just wrong to put into print. I apologize for my wittiness. The lewdness of my surroundings is tainting the innocence of my oral hygiene. The shaft is white, for the love of God. Yes, a moment of utter motionlessness is needed afterwards to fully appreci-

ate the sensation, but I don’t see how Zen-like meditation can be construed as dirty.

For the record, this is not alluding to “safe sex.” It’s not that I don’t believe in the institution of self-love, it’s just that I’ve physically never relied on such a thing. Go ahead. I know what you’re thinking . . . Muhahaha. she’s such an in-demand nympho—she has people trampling down her door at every waking hour—please, let me please you! No. That’s not it. Mostly.

I suppose I’m simply too driven by the concept of hormone-induced youngsters rolling on the floor in passionate, dimly lit exchanges of hot kisses and who knows what else. But only when I’m involved. Otherwise that would be just weird.

Sweet Lord, how did this turn so torrid? Gum disease is a real threat, people! Until the day that I lock myself in my room with my string of purple lights, a Marvin Gaye CD, and my silk pajamas, there is no reason to read too deeply into these things. We all have our compulsions; mine just happens to involve a rather large, supercharged instrument. With an odd shape. And a piece that jerks up and down. Quickly.

Hmm . . . now that I think about it, it’s about that time again. Who was the psycho who suggested brushing one’s teeth only three times a day? Screw that. Hey, when the craving creeps up, you submit. Off to the sinks now, armed with the toothbrush, a dab or two of Sensodyne, a cigarette, and a Zippo lighter. I think it’s the fluorescent lighters that really charge me up. Mmm, hit me baby one more time.



Section ZOLE



The State of The Simpsons Address

by Michael Zole

I've noticed that a lot of people at Hampshire like *The Simpsons*. See, I'm a first year, and I catch on fast like that. If you don't go to the Dakin living room every Sunday to watch and eat some kick-ass cookies, then you probably watch from your lounge or mod, and maybe you even watch the daily syndicated reruns. In short, Hampshire is a Simpsons school. And why not: it's the longest-running animated series in television history, which is particularly significant considering how fierce the market is. Animated shows, while cheap to produce and attractive to audiences, have a way of getting old fast or wearing out their welcome. I'm sure you can think of a dozen examples of the top of your head (to get you started: *Beavis and Butt-head*), but *The Simpsons* endures.

So it stands to reason that when *Simpsons'* creator

Matt Groening launched his new animated series *Futurama*, expectations were high. The day after *Futurama's* midseason debut, *The Simpsons* fans at my school were abuzz with, well, mixed feelings. To be honest, the first *Futurama* was not exactly bust-a-gut funny. It was soggy with perfunctory back story and transparent attempts at making us like Fry, the clueless protagonist. On repeat viewings, though, it's not a bad episode; it just tries too hard. Mr. Groening was probably well aware of *The Simpsons* fan base breathing down his neck, and as a result he didn't take any chances. On the other hand, isn't taking chances what made *The Simpsons* what it is? In all honesty, I grew to like *Futurama* pretty quickly. It has a lot of things going for it. For one, it has visual style out the ass. The art in *The Simpsons* has never been spectacular, but *Futurama* is filled with detail, not to mention great computer generated vehicles, which are seamlessly integrated with the hand-drawn animation. Whereas *The Simpsons* had four protagonists (Maggie doesn't count) to juggle from episode to episode, *Futurama* focuses pretty much on Fry,

and as a result we see more cohesive plots. There's also a premise, a reasonably three-dimensional cast, and an overall sense of realism that *The Simpsons* always lacked. Consider this: Springfield, the Simpsons' hometown, has a huge mountain range, a gorge, alkali flats, and is somehow landlocked and on the coast at the same time. If they want to pull that shit in *Futurama*, at least they have the trump card of space travel.

Now, it may seem like I'm coming down pretty hard on *The Simpsons*. I'm a big fan of the show, though, and that's what makes me so disappointed with the past few seasons. In my opinion, the show really got good when the writers got over Bart's "little bastard" appeal (which appalled my fourth grade teacher, I recall) and let the characters' bizarre personalities carry the show.

But after a while, it gets tough to keep raising the bar in terms of weirdness. Thus, the past few seasons of *The Simpsons* have been a little weak. They've been hilarious, of course; the show would have to get a lot worse to stop being funny. But recently, there has been a depressing reliance on one-shot characters (usually voiced by big-name celebrities, which is starting to annoy me) to create a plot. And the plots have become predictable and formulaic in the extreme, to the point

where all the humor consists of out-of-context gags or simple weirdness, which was once a staple of Simpsons imitators (not to name any names, *The Critic*). It's still funny, but I leave each episode feeling weirdly let down. In short, I think *The Simpsons'* best years have come and gone.

And yet, here we have Matt Groening busting his ass over *Futurama* and reactions have been lukewarm. I've talked to many Simpsons fans about this, and they say they just plain don't like

the show. I think the problem is that they expect it to be *The Simpsons*, whether or not they realize it; the jokes are similar, the art is similar (but better), and even the characters are a little similar. Simpsons fans expect the similarity to continue; but it doesn't. Rather, it stops. *Futurama* is, deep down, a completely different show, with the only real common thread being Mr. Groening's twisted sense of humor. Let's look at what *Futurama* has going for it. It's got visuals, as I mentioned earlier. It's got a premise that offers a good combination of dependability (Fry is always going to be a delivery boy)

and flexibility (the episodes don't necessarily have to be focused around delivering stuff). It's got



Wade's choice of drink in the 31st century

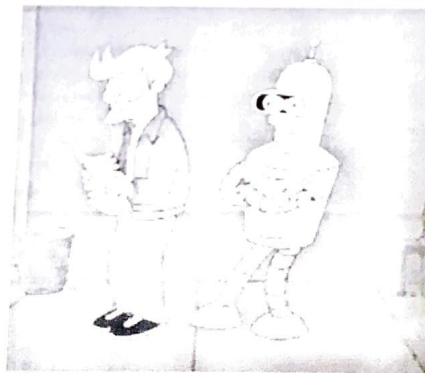
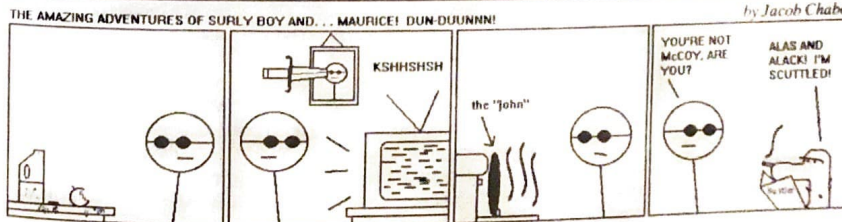
an episode where "Baby Got Back" by Sir Mix-a-lot is referred to as "classical music".

Most of all, in my opinion, it's got one hell of a cast. Fry is the ultimate brick wall, in terms of intelligence. You don't really have to like him as a hero; you just have to laugh at his expense. There's Leela, the obligatory hottie, who isn't usually that funny but serves as a character foil. There's the Professor, the nutty old guy who strikes me as a throwback to *The Simpsons'* Professor Frink. And then there are the scores of minor characters, whose names I can't remember off the top of my head.

we expect from it, and it seems unlikely that the show will ever fully recapture its former brilliance. It may seem a little tragic to us hardcore Simpsons fans, but between the syndicated reruns and the growing genius of *Futurama*, I'm not too worried. And I suggest you all put your prejudices aside and give *Futurama* an honest chance. Otherwise, I'll have to get 23rd century on your ass.

The first episode of *Futurama* is available on MPEG through the PC network on Zole's Bucket and Sangreoro. It's probably legal.

by Jacob Chabot



"Shinier than yours, meatbag!"



by Michael "Benni" Pierce

Once had a wet wooden leg, but the moths flew off with it before I could eat it. Now it dangles out in the tree out front, hanging like a backstreet bar's ultraviolet neon sign, attracting them forever. I wish I had a shotgun.

And then, the caterpillars ate all of my shoes. Of course, not all of them, just the ones I could wear. They left all of the right ones behind – and I can't wear them on my left foot. I don't have a right foot cause the lady bug's got it.

While I was asleep one night, an infinite number of rascally little lady bugs got together and were able to coerce my left leg into trading my right leg away for something in return. As far as I can tell, my left leg, being the dumb jerk that it is, gave those flying, naked ladies my right leg, receiving a free cat in return, which sort of appeared at my house at the same time. I named it Ugly, and it seemed to like it just fine.

During the blissless day, I lie in my bed, a bauble to these flashy-lashed women of the world, whose fluttering and bewildering smiles make me think of tall, cool glasses of chilled ice water. However, these ladies offer me no brand of comfort as comforting as making bread, kneading the dough, so firm and sympathetic, like a pat of margarine, melting in the sun. That makes me hungry.

I remember that the last time I had a decent meal was about two years ago. I was a man of the world, my legs both still skillfully intact, not by science or technology, but by nature herself, for I was born two-legged. There was a woman there as well – a jolly individual whose aspiring mind and promise of a free meal had brought her to me, the pre-

Ralph and his 20,000 Ladies

mier food critic. In my day, everybody knew me in the business world only as "One Shot Ralph". As the name implies, I only allowed a single chance for any of the future chefs of America to impress me, which didn't happen very often, thus my second name which I came to be known by in the business world, "Eat Shit Ralph."

Whether or not she knew me by my first or second name did not bother me at the moment, for the scrumptious cheeseburger she had just brought out to me was geometrically exquisite smelling. She had also made deep-fried french fries as a compliment to the meal. I finished the whole kit and caboodle within ten minutes.

When I had finished, she walked out to me and said, "What did you think of it?" I looked up at her, just after putting my napkin down, and was going to say something that would imply I would like to sleep with her, when I noticed that instead of there only being one of her in my vision, there were now eight. And then ten. And then twenty.

"What's going on?" I blurted out, not feeling at all well.

She smiled, "Ah... I believe my special ingredient has taken effect even faster than I had intended." And that's when the greatest meal I had ever eaten gave me the worst case of unconsciousness I have ever experienced up to present day.

Looking back now, I realize that I only have two conclusions to be made about that day. Number one: I should have bought a shotgun instead of a handgun after that incident. A handgun is undoubtedly not big enough to do the amount of damage I need a weapon to do. Number two: I believe that the woman who fed me that awe-

some-tasting venom-laced burger with cheese had used some sort of poison that was made of a concentrated amount of insect pheromones.

I'm as angry as a one-legged man in an ass-kicking contest.

But, please understand that from every good case of extreme paranoia comes a plan that will not only solve all problems, but present no new ones as well. I believe that a good solution will do that. All questions answered, no questions left to be answered, unless of course, you are stupid enough to make more work for yourself. I am not a stupid man.

My 20,000 spotted ladies now cover the walls, the floor, the bed, the curtains, the lampshade, and my body, making my room look like the exterior of a dramatic cow. They infest my room like a heavy London fog that gently caresses your face, the hand of a lover and a leaver. I cannot run from them, I cannot join them, I cannot understand them.

Well, I believe the time has come for me to finally show these bugs the perfect solution. They will even be intelligent enough to understand what I'm doing. If only they knew that I did it because of them.

"Why? Why did he do it? I don't understand why he did it."

"Is it what I said?"

"Hey you – get out of his nose! I bet you made him do it."

"His head looked so much more pleasing when it was in one piece."

"Who knew that a bullet could do so much damage?"

"Hey – I'm a lady bug, not a freaking gypsy moth. How am I supposed to know what to do with his dead carcass?"

It was true. Not any one of us knew what to do next. We had not intended on this man doing such a horrible thing. We had only wanted to bother him and make him uncomfortable, not cause him to commit such a dastardly act as this.

We were now in need of some guidance. Luckily, our leader, the Great, Large, Grand Ladybug stepped forward and spoke. He said, "Fellow Ladies – rejoice! Our day of victory has finally come. This human, with his little compassion and feelings, died because he felt his sins during his life were just too horrible to live with. If he could not live by the ways of living, he would perish by the way he was living. So I say, rejoice again!" A small cheer came from all of the ladybugs present. The Great, Large, Grand Ladybug was right, of course. He knew the humans better than any one of us. He had followed them around ever since the day he was born. He was rumored to have even mated with one, but nobody spoke of that.

"See how the small will receive! This man's death gives us new freedom, new ways in which we shall evolve. Follow me, my ever so spotted ones, as we travel into the Promised Land – a place where we will find our final destiny! Tell all the bugs that you see – come, follow me! Follow me!" Mystified, we all watched as the Great, Large, Grand Ladybug then marched from his speaking place on the tip of the man's colossal nose. Along the human's face he bravely moved, his wings fluttering in anticipated excitement. Our eyes remained peeled on him until he disappeared into the leaking, crimson void that now enveloped most of the man's head. We didn't know exactly what he had said or what was going through his mind at that moment, but his voice was so motivational and moving that every ladybug followed him in.

One after another, we each bravely scurried into the open crater that awaited us. It was a large space for such tiny creatures, and within only a little time, we were all inside, waiting for something

to happen. We all chattered happily during this time, seeing that the place we were in wasn't too bad at all. It was a little sticky still, but that would soon pass. The Great, Large, Grand Ladybug was correct – we had reached the Promised Land at last.

Along the dark walkway moved the three men to their friend's deathbed. Each dressed in red, they approached his final resting place. They proceeded in such a way that you would have supposed them to be three spirits, floating across the ground, never speaking to each other, destined only to do what was said of them as the creed of their religion. They knew that their Brother would have wanted them to follow the guidelines on what was to be done with his body now that he was deceased.

They entered the house, and looked around, blindly, never having stepped in his house before. However, they could smell his body, his death, his new ghost. Around the corner and through the hall they went until they reached a closed door. **Opening it, they found their friend dead, in bed, covered in red, with nothing to be said.**

It was quiet in his small room, not a sound around to be heard. Each of the redly-dressed men looked at each other, and sensed the fact that none of them really wanted to touch his body to take it back to the cathedral. It was then decided that the men would torch his body right here, in the place with which he lived.

One man produced a small pack of "Stylized" Brand matches; the next a canister of sweet smelling burning powders; and the final one a pouch of explosive resin, which would be placed directly within the thing that killed him: his head.

They were skilled in this, the

ancient art of Skaninawah, the burning of human bodies for the soul purpose of releasing their spirit. In only a minor amount of time compared to Ralph's eternal imprisonment, the men prepared him to be brought back to life.

After giving him a final blessing and numerous no-frills farewells, they moved out of the house, and floated back to a point where it would be safe to detonate their friend.

The explosion that followed was almost inaudible. The three red spirits looked at each other, unknowing, uncaring, never to know that the reason that this was so was because about 20,000 tiny insects had given their own lives to buffer the shock wave as it expanded from the flammable material.

Outside of the house, the last remains of One-Shot Ralph blew in the wind, like a set of chimes meant to attract the most unusual of persons. The lone leg would live on beyond Ralph's own existence. However, reincarnation can be a bitch if each and every bit of your body doesn't pass onto the next world.

"Mrs. Bug?"

"Yes?"

"Well, we've checked out your babies."

"Uh-huh."

"And everything seems to be alright..."

"That's nice to hear."

"Well, everything except for one thing."

"Really?"

"Yes, it seems that one of your babies is missing a leg."

"No!"

"Yes – and it seems that he is very pissed off as well."

"Oh, I knew I should have never let my husband go off to take those crazy bugs on a crusade to the Promised Land! Now I have to raise these damn mutants myself." And with that said, mother Lady Bug marched away, fluttering her tiny wings all of the way.

Godbot

by Jennifer Gifford

Humans like to believe that they are alone in this universe. It makes them feel safe and important. This theory then implies that all stories of other life are fairy tales. And so, I tell a fairy tale, one that can be disregarded completely as nonsense for sci-fi nerds. So, enter with no false expectations of truth.

There exists in a far away galaxy a small planet, covered with small races of small creatures. One of these minute races is called the Splud. They, as has already been stated, are very small creatures. They have a yellow tinged skin that is very thin and through which can be seen, faintly, pink veins. A very fine layer of pale blue fuzz covers their skin. Their eyes protrude from their heads like ping pong balls attached to slinkies. Their feet are large and attached to the bottoms of their round bodies. They walk somewhat the way a penguin here on Earth does. The only things about them that are remotely beautiful or graceful are their arms, which are slender, with delicately small hands.

It is this trait that has enabled them to become extremely skilled technicians. Their hands, able to handle incredibly intricate machinery, have been able to build microchips smaller than the atom. Their technological advancement is famed throughout the galaxy. They have been able to build a machine to do everything for them that a machine could be wanted to do. They have machines that brush their teeth, machines that tie their shoes, even machines that will have sex with that grossly disgusting guy that no one will come within twenty feet of. They believed themselves to

have invented everything that ever could be invented.

Then one day, a young Splud decided to travel the universe, observing different cultures, taking notes on them. He came back and informed his people that there was indeed one thing they had never invented. The people held their breath—what could they have overlooked? The young Splud soon answered this query. They had, in fact, not yet invented a god.

It seemed that other cultures in the galaxy had this extremely interesting gadget that would do many things for them. He would determine their lives for them, and give them things when they asked for them in an appropriately respectful tone, and if enough fruit and animals were burned in their honor. **This god was even someone on whom all problems could be blamed.** The Splud were amazed! To think that they had never even thought of a machine that could do all of these wonderful things for them at once. They set right to work building one.

Many top scientists, computer engineers, technicians were consulted, and the notes of the young Splud carefully reviewed. For months and months the Splud laboured, working to build a god for their people. Finally it was finished. They unveiled it one bright day, and the people were ecstatic. It was beautiful! It was made of chrome with plates of gold and silver here and there. One of the technicians turned it on.

"I am Sandorf!" it bel-
lowed, "here to serve you as your god!" The people cheered and a parade began, at the end of which,

Sandorf was placed on an especially high pedestal from which he could perform his duties.

Weeks rolled by, and the people realized that the things they were asking for when they knelt at the feet of Sandorf just weren't coming to them. And when they blamed him for the things that went wrong in their lives, they really didn't feel any better. They began to complain, quietly, and only amongst people they trusted. Sandorf, they had noticed, tended to get angry quite easily, and they didn't want to upset him by speaking out against him. A general dissatisfaction was taking hold among the general populace.

Then one day Sandorf sent down a book of rules, laws that they must follow. He told them that if they did not follow the laws, he would kill them all with the lasers he had been given to protect them from invaders. The people began to live in fear, afraid every moment that they might slip up and be fried. Every once in a while one of the Splud would rebel, and he or she would be reduced to a ball of light blue fear.

Finally, a movement began to gain momentum. They must do something to get rid of this god that they had built and put on high. To worship this tyranny was no longer an option. Secretly, under cover of nightfall, an army assembled. They built weapons that far outscaled the weapons they had bestowed upon Sandorf. No effort was spared, and the work was sped along by their extreme desire to save any more of their numbers from frying.

One morning, they attacked in the early morning fog. Battalions of tiny spaceships with firepower

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Why I Will Be Drunk at the Drag Ball

by Joe Lakehawk

Why do women want to me to wear a dress?


This is not just a problem specific to Hampshire and the up-coming drag ball. Back in Texas there was a cadre of women who kept insisting that they could make me "a really sexy chick" if only I would yield to them. Whenever I discuss Halloween costumes, a female invariably says, "You should be a woman!" Is it just because I have long hair? Now with the impending drag ball my girlfriend has begun body-slammng me until I agree to go. I finally consented but I am still troubled by the whole affair.

I am not upset so much by the concept of transvestitism, but by the desire to create transvestitism in the unwilling. (Although the prospect of having my penis tied between my legs does disturb me rather thoroughly.) I am told that the drag ball is only "innocent fun with gender roles" but let us say we had a tradition at Hampshire called the "naked-chick cotillion" where all females in attendance would be expected to arrive nude. Any patriotic feminist would say that such a tradition was sexist and created by men and for men. How would it then feel to be told that you were a "stick in the mud" for not going to the "naked-chick cotillion." Or, "But you would look so sexy if you were nude!" Or that, "Everyone does it!"

I have tried to understand the appeal that transvestitism holds for women. The more research I conduct the more disturbed I become by this Pentheusian ritual I have agreed to participate in. On surveying women I have run into the same arguments for the appeal of transvestites. They are as follows: 1) "Because guys freak out about it so much." In other words, pressure towards transvestitism is inspired out of the desire to humiliate men. This theory actually has a lot of merit. There are a plenty of men who partake in transvestitism of their own free will. **But why am I being pressured to engage in transvestitism when there are plenty of other males who actually want to?** Furthermore, I keep finding connections between transvestitism and sadomasochism. I see so many ads in the personals of men seeking women to "make me their little slut." I know this isn't just my imagination because I've been asked if I would wear a leash in addition to a dress. 2) "Because I find androgyny sexy for some reason." Is it the androgyny that is attractive, or is it the idea of a woman who has a penis under her dress. I have been told by at least one woman "Oh, fuck yeah! If girls had dicks I'd never

look at another man again!" 3) "Because it's fun!" This argument would be fine except that it immediately inspires the question, "Why is it fun?" And the answer is always, "You are an inhibited geek who just doesn't get it." It is not that I find the physical act of wearing a dress emasculating. It is trying to fathom exactly why I am wearing the dress that gives me a headache. Maybe I am only an inhibited geek that doesn't get it but humans naturally fear what they cannot understand. Again, I will be in attendance under threat of body-slams and the challenge to "expand my horizons."


But the drag ball does make me wonder if there is such a thing as counter-sexism. My solution to this dilemma is to fight one Bakkic mystery with another; finding sweet oblivion in a shot-glass. To quote Euripides, "The vine and its grape are the only cure for grief that will not go away . . . When our cup is empty, life is just too harsh." Anyone who doesn't understand that is an inhibited geek who just doesn't get it.

Final thoughts: 1) I have been told (by a female) that every male fantasizes about transvestitism. This is not true. 2) One of Charles Manson's uncles made him wear a dress to school so that "the boy would learn how to fight." If and when I kill a number of celebrities (those who know me know that this is a "when") I have every intention of blaming my actions on the Hampshire drag ball. 

Godbotty Good

continued from previous page

buzzed him to keep him distracted while others worked on tearing down the pedestal. Still others climbed up to his head, in an attempt to shut down his circuits. The fighting went on for many days. Their god was stronger than they had anticipated, and he fought tirelessly. But, after many deaths on the side of the Splud, and many injuries inflicted on Sandorf, they were able to shut him down.

Cheering, the Splud loaded him and the young researcher into a tiny ship and sent them to the moon of a small blue and green planet, where they apparently are still ruling jointly to this day. 

Take Your Academics Seriously

by Michelle Beach

One of the things that most attracted me to Hampshire was the choice in course of study. I really liked being able to design my own major and not having required courses. Having been here for four years now, I have begun to realize that the thing I like most about the school is also the thing that I like the least.

From the very beginning, I have felt isolated academically. I have found it very difficult to connect with people who have similar academic interests as I do. Because there is no set course of study, I do not attend classes with the same people every year. Those of us interested in education, or journalism, or economics, or whatever, are not on the same path. With the ability and sometimes necessity to take classes off campus, there is a chance that we will never be in the same class together.

Because of the individualism of each course of study, it's hard to meet people with similar interests, to hold conversations about academic things, to find help with academic projects. When I thought about leaving Hampshire, it was because of academic isolation. I really feel that my education is lacking something because I am not able to hear and debate the diverse opinions of other people interested in my "major." Sure, I can take classes with different people each semester, but that is not the same as growing and changing and going through the same process as a group of people.

No, I am not and would not ever, suggest that Hampshire have majors or requirements or anything like that. What I would like to see however, is developing some way of helping students cope with the

isolation.

Some suggestions:

1) (Travis Dale came up with most of this one.) Have cross-generational classes with Division III students and Division I students. The older students could discuss their research and the younger students could work as research assistants. The class would meet once or twice a week just like any other. A professor would run it (maybe there could be one in each school). Discussion would focus on the students research and the professor would be a resource to direct the students in their endeavors. The younger students could use it as the basis of a Division I requirement, they would write a smaller research paper based on the research they are doing with the Division III student. The Division III students could use the class as an advanced educational activity because they would be teaching their "assistant" important research skills.

2) Have regular meetings (call them dinners, class sessions, whatever) focusing on a particular issue. Students would be expected to attend all of the sessions in a series and each session would build off of the last so that students attending can see growth and change. The topics would continue from semester to semester, progressively becoming more advanced as the students attending progress through Hampshire.

3) Have advisor-sponsored dinners for all advisees. Because generally the students advised by one advisor are interested in similar things academically, these would be a good way for students of all levels to network with each other.

4) Have regular meetings for Division III students. These would be

sponsored by each of the schools and they would create a time to students to come together and share their experiences. They could talk about their research, share their problems, receive suggestions and generally not feel like they have to face the enormous task of writing a Division III by themselves. **Just talking with faculty and committee members isn't the same as talking with students who are going through the same experience as you are.**

5) Have something—be it a website, a mailing list, bulletin board, whatever—where students can go and check out what other people are studying. It would be a place to generate dialogue around issues of particular interest. Maybe there would need to be one for each academic interest, or there would be one large place that led people to interest specific sites. Research, requests for help, questions about useful classes, suggestions for faculty contacts, discussion and comments on current issues, etc could be posted. Through this, students would be able to meet and network with students interested in similar academic pursuits.

6) Have advisors take their advisees of the same academic level to dinner (or hold a meeting or whatever). Meeting with people older and younger than yourself is very important, but it is also useful to talk with students currently going through the same things as you.

7) Have meetings for the entire campus based around certain academic issues. Discussion of why Hampshire

continued on next page

Free Speech, Mo-fo's

by Brady Burroughs

It has come to my attention, that there was grave misunderstanding with my article which consisted of edited together fragments of translated Japanese porn movie descriptions. Because of it, I was accused of being "rascist" and "fetishist" as well as threatened with physical violence. Now, it was not my intention to offend a particular segment of the Hampshire community. Was the article intended for mass-consumption? No. Frankly, the stuff is kind of gross. If you found it amusing, you read it. If it bothered for whatever reason, you (hopefully) turned the page.

I was a little surprised however to find that the reason for the anger was the site's origin: Asia. Specifically Japan. It was not my intention to pick on or degrade or in any way badmouth Japan or Asia. Had the site come from Sweden, Russia or anywhere else for that matter I would've done the same thing. The site's origin was pretty much besides the point. And as a

serious student of Japanese culture, I was hurt by the accusations. For any mental duress recieved by the accusing individual, I apologize for the misunderstanding. I understand why you would be upset in your situation—I don't blame you, **I just hope in the future any more misunderstandings like this can be resolved more appropriately.**

You know next to nothing about me or the individuals also responsible for the article's creation, just as I know almost nothing about you. And in case it DOES matter, one person among the group of friends who encouraged me to do this and helped find quotes was indeed Asian, as well as female—in fact, she probably found it the most humorous. I do not feel the need to have to explain my sense of humor. However, I will only say that it was intended to evoke confusion, disgust and a darkly ironic

sense of amusement.

One of the main (and I feel most important) things about *The Omen*, is its unflinching ability to release whatever it is given no matter who it might offend. It is intended as an open forum—an example of truly free speech. The way to fight something that offends you like that, is a counter-argument in *The Omen* or similar type publication. When I have to hyper-analyze something I am about to submit for fear of physical retribution, *The Omen* (and all it "stands" for) is undetermined

Editor's Note: Due to the incompetence of this publication, the end of Brady's Omen article in the October 29th issue was cut off. Here is the end (for those of you who remember):

"...and gets incontinence for scaring. And when she is really messed and broken, we kick her off! Bomb! (to prevent legal complications, I'd like to thank www.shuttle-japan.com)"



We Really Mean It!

calendar) that are maintained and updated regularly. There are thousands of group posters around campus. There are several e-mail lists (hampgroups is better since they started moderating it). If we can't figure out what's going on, then we're lazy. That's right. Hampshire students are lazy.

This campus is full of activities and they are well advertised. If they are underattended it is not the fault of the advertising rather than the fault of apathy.

So, one last suggestion for this article. Instead of implementing a new method of advertising, how about we use the ones we have? Instead of sitting around our rooms waiting for the personal invitation to the event, how about we go out and find it ourselves? We're in college—people shouldn't have to cram things down our throats any more. If you don't know what's going on around campus, it's your own damn fault.



Of Deviants and Truck Drivers

by Jess VanScoy

Did anyone else have as much of a fucked up week as I did? First and foremost-Halloween. Besides getting punched in the face, finding out a friend got paralyzed recently, and getting force fed sausage from Greg, I guess the night was pretty typical. There was this one guy wearing black lingerie that I stared while waiting in the terribly long line at Saga. All of a sudden, this whole story formed in my mind that this guy was a deviant who came to Hampshire Halloween so that he could fit in. **I could not keep my eyes off this guy, and even found myself walking through B to get to A so that he wouldn't follow me and kill me.** It turns out, as told to me several days later, that this guy GOES TO HAMPSHIRE and is a pretty cool guy. Oops. That's sooo Jessica.

So I'm quitting the job in Northampton that I have. They are assholes there. They wouldn't give me Thanksgiving or Christmas time off (read as

Jessica in the guest house at Hampshire drinking egg nog . . . alone). The people are sorta cool, but . . . eh. Well, to put it bluntly, there's a girl who listens to Portishead and talks like a baby, a fifteen year old boy who stares at every woman's breasts that he is waiting on, and a straight guy who's so blatantly gay that it's embarrassing. And we all stand around and listen to the customers say the same things over and over and do a monkey's job for minimum wage. Yeah, it was time to give her up.

The other night, when it was raining really hard out, I found out that a good friend of mine from high school died. I've sort of gotten used to the shock of pregnancies and marriages, but having someone die is fucked up. What I loved about this kid though is the fact that even though he kicked my ass at calculus and physics, he wanted to be a TRUCK DRIVER. I used to go over to his house to do homework together and he would show me these games he invented or this playground he built for his animals. And I would just revel in his intelligence and tell him he was going places. He would just sort of smile and move onto something

else. He had it all figured out. And now he's gone and I wonder why and what and how and Jesus—just why? But most of all, it just made me get my priorities straight. It made me the ever-loving agnostic talk to him in the rain **(at one point, I wondered if he were pissing on me to have a stupid laugh)** and realized that I needed to slow down a fucking lot.

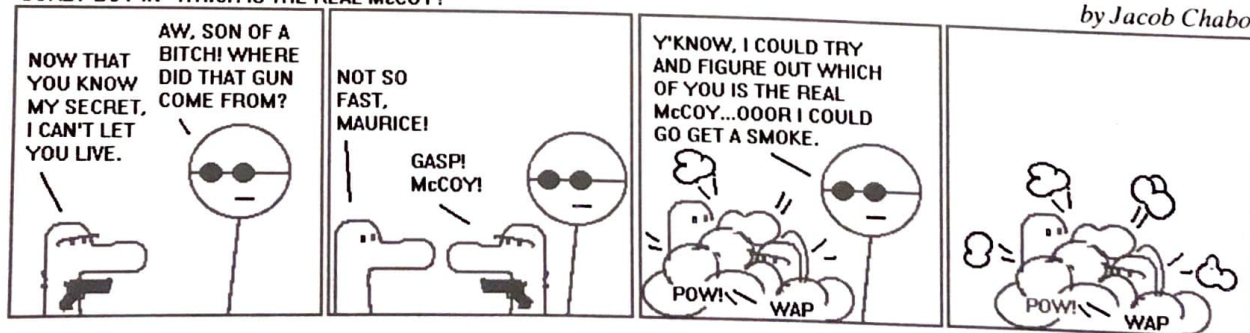
So when the register was under ten dollars today at work and my boss almost literally looked straight at me when she stated this fact—I shrugged her off and promised to pay her out of my own pocket tomorrow. And I didn't really care. Good.

So now I anxiously awaiting Thanksgiving vacation so I can go to Charleston to see my daddy. I haven't seen that man in almost two years and I think with all of this shit going on . . . well, he always knows how to put things into perspective and help me understand and act appropriately that doesn't conflict with the essence of Jess.

If you've made it through this article, congratulations, you deserve a cigarette.



SURLY BOY IN "WHICH IS THE REAL McCOY?"



by Jacob Chabot